



THE PROGRESS OF AN EJECTED KING

By the Author of "The Progress of a Peasant," &c.

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CHARLES, the first of the name, was born in the year 1594, at Windsor, in the reign of Elizabeth the first. He was educated in the University of Oxford, and was a very accomplished scholar. He was also a very brave soldier, and was distinguished by his valor in many battles. He was married to Henrietta Maria of France, who was a very beautiful woman, and was a very good queen. He was a very good king, and was very beloved by his people. He was a very good father, and was very kind to his children. He was a very good husband, and was very kind to his wife. He was a very good friend, and was very kind to his friends. He was a very good neighbor, and was very kind to his neighbors. He was a very good citizen, and was very kind to his country. He was a very good man, and was very kind to all men.





THE TROUBLES OF AN ELECTED KING

(Hugh Capet Starts a New Line of Kings and is Defied by His Nobles)

From the historical series by Alphonse de Neuville

CHARLES "THE FOOLISH" whom we in our day might have called "the wise" so angered his great lords by his peace treaties that they rebelled against him. The Duke of Paris, Hugh the Great, defeated Charles and kept him a prisoner the remainder of his life. Thus Hugh, by setting up one nominal king after another, became himself the real ruler of France; and after his death his son, another Hugh, put aside the fiction of the puppet kings and had the other nobles elect him king in his own name. He was called Hugh Capet, which meant Hugh "the hooded," because instead of a crown he wore always a priest's hood as he held among his other titles that of abbot of St. Martin's, the richest church position in France. The descendants of Hugh Capet, known as the Capetians, remained kings of France so long as France had kings at all.

The Franks had held a sort of superstitious reverence for their old kings of Charlemagne's race, but they had none for King Hugh, who was only one of themselves. Once, as our picture illustrates, Hugh tried to assert his authority over a rude count by reminding him that his rank came from the king. "Who made you a count?" asked Hugh. "Who made you a king?" responded the defiant noble. Thus Hugh, as an elected king, could only hold his power by his own strength and ability. He proved equal to the task and began the work which his descendants continued of building up a strong central power which could compel the obedience of the nobles.







"EXCOMMUNICATED"

(King Robert, the Pious, Defies the Church for His Wife's Sake)

From a painting by Jean Paul Laurens, the French master of Four-quevaux

THE son and successor of Hugh Capet as king in Paris was Robert the Pious, one of the best if not the wisest or strongest of French sovereigns. Before coming to the throne Robert had wedded a distant cousin, Bertha Countess of Blois. The churchmen, who had long been very powerful in France, disapproved the marriage both because of the cousinship and for political reasons. Hence, after Robert became king, the Church commanded him to divorce his wife. He refused, and after long argument and much protest was excommunicated. That is, the heads of the French Church passed in solemn procession before him and Bertha, showed him the blessed candles and then extinguished these as symbols of the light of faith that had gone out. Such was the horror felt by every one for men who had thus been put outside the brotherhood of the church, that no one would have anything more to do with King Robert. Even his servants hardly dared to wait on him.

He gave way at last, and divorced poor Bertha, and wedded another wife, a very great and gorgeous heiress, Eleanor of Aquitaine. This once more united the south of France to the north. But the king was never happy with Eleanor, and he and Bertha always longed for each other. Theirs is one of the saddest love stories of history.







THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF ENGLAND

(The Normans Rage Through London While Crowning Their Duke William as King)

By the contemporary English artist, R. Caton Woodville

THE year 1066 will always be remembered in history as marking the French conquest of England. It was not, however, the French king who achieved this conquest; it was one of the French dukes, who thus became more powerful and possessed of wider territories than the king himself. William, the Duke of Normandy, having become related to England's kings by marriage, claimed the throne. His claim being rejected by Saxon England, he resolved to establish it by war. The French king refused to help William, but the shrewd duke appealed to the Church and succeeded in having his war declared a holy one. He also made rich promises of plunder to his followers and so gathered an army including French, German and Italian adventurers. Its bulk, however, was made up of his own brave Normans.

With these bold and skilful warriors at his back, William completely conquered England, mingling craft with violence in his assumption of power. He asserted that the throne was his by right, summoned all good Englishmen to support him, and rewarded those who did, while threatening those who defied him. Thus when he was crowned in London, the citizens made some demonstration of protest, whereon William bade his Normans go out and slay the "rebels." They obeyed fiercely and set fire to a portion of the city, whereon William rebuked them for their severity to his unhappy "subjects." Thus between craft and force he soon had all England completely in his hands.







THE RISE OF THE CHANGING FEVER

Letter the Hermit, R. 1888, in the *Journal of the Hermit*

From the *Journal of the Hermit*, 1888

As the sun rose, the first rays of light fell upon the face of the Hermit, who was lying on his back, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes closed. He was in a state of deep meditation, and his mind was filled with the thoughts of the past. He had been thinking of the many years that he had spent in the desert, and of the many things that he had seen and done. He had seen the rise and fall of many empires, and he had seen the many changes that had come upon the world. He had seen the many things that had happened in the world, and he had seen the many things that had happened in the life of the Hermit. He had seen the many things that had happened in the life of the Hermit, and he had seen the many things that had happened in the life of the Hermit.

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THE RISE OF THE CRUSADING FEVER

(Peter the Hermit, Rouses all France to Undertake the Conquest of Jerusalem)

From the historical series by Alphonse de Neuville

AMONG the most remarkable of military as well as of religious movements stand out the "Crusades." All Europe, but especially France, took part in these during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They began when a pilgrim monk, Peter the Hermit, came back from Jerusalem to Rome about the year 1095. He told the Pope, Urban IV, a passionate and harrowing tale of the way Christian pilgrims were maltreated by the Turks. These had just seized Jerusalem, which had previously been held by Mahometans of a more mild and friendly type. So moved was the Pope by Peter's tale that at a council of the Church held at Clermont in southern France, he urged the gathering of an army of Christians to march against Jerusalem. Peter also told his story to the assembled multitude, and they seized eagerly upon the dream of making Jerusalem the center of a Christian empire.

The idea of fighting in the name of Christianity was by no means new. Charlemagne had undertaken it, and many a semi-savage before him. William of Normandy had borne against England a banner blessed by the Pope. But never before had a contest been suggested so distant and so impractical as this Crusade. The Middle Ages had no vast war-galleys such as ancient Rome had possessed for transporting armies; nor were there railroads such as carry troops and their provisions to-day. Yet under Pope Urban's sanction, Peter the Hermit went everywhere urging his crusade; and multitudes of warriors vowed to join the "Holy War."







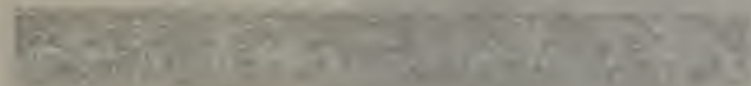
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THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS

(The Legendary Story of Godfrey of Bouillon's Triumph Over the Awed Heathen)

From the painting by the Spanish artist, M. S. M. Sedano

THE mighty army which set out upon the first crusade was composed chiefly of Normans and other Frenchmen. Some Germans joined it and some Italians, but so much did the French predominate that all Europeans are to this day called Franks in western Asia. Probably the chief leaders of the crusade were the Norman, Count Bohemond, and Raymond Count of Toulouse, in southern France, whose clever management enable the huge army to traverse all Europe without warfare and without starvation. The first army of the Turks was defeated by Bohemond in a great battle at Dorylæum, and a second army was crushed by Raymond at Antioch. But the control of the city of Jerusalem was finally given to Godfrey of Bonillon, so later ages looked on Godfrey as the hero of the war.

Legends soon gathered thick about Godfrey, and we can scarcely accept with complete confidence the story here pictured, though in later ages it came to be regarded as the chief triumph of the war. The story is that the Mahometans had thousands of black slaves whom they armed with spears and chained to one another and to huge posts, so that they could neither yield nor flee. But when Godfrey rode against the slaves with the banner of the cross, they were struck with awe and suddenly knelt with bowed heads, so that his horse leaped safely over them. The other crusaders followed him and so swept over the uninjured slaves and routed the Mahometans beyond.







THE STORMING OF THE TURKISH CAPITAL (Antioch Captured by the Crusaders and Its People Massacred)

From a drawing by the French master Gustave Doré (1832-1883)

WHAT was really the chief battle of the first Crusade was fought at Antioch, and came in sober truth as near to the miraculous as any battle ever fought. Antioch was the capital of a Turkish empire. The crusaders besieged it for seven months and were so savagely resisted that when they finally stormed the city, they quite forgot the softer teachings of Christianity and slew all of the inhabitants, hurling them mercilessly from the stupendous walls. The city had been finally reduced more by starvation than by force of arms; and the crusaders themselves were almost at the end of their supplies. They had no means of recruiting these, yet within three days of their victory they were themselves besieged in Antioch by an enormous army of Turks gathered against them from every region.

Every effort of the Christians to break through the blockading forces was repelled. They were, in their turn, reduced by starvation to mere skeletons.. At last in desperation they marched out against the Turks to win food or die. They stumbled and fell with weakness as they marched, and the foe watched them with shouts of derision. Then a sudden frenzy roused the Christians so that they charged with a fury which overwhelmed the entire power of the enemy and left them masters of the field. The Turkish empire was swept away..







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GODFREY TAKES POSSESSION OF JERUSALEM

(The Crusaders After Storming Jerusalem Re-enter in Religious Procession)

From the painting by the German master, Carl von Piloty (1826-1886)

WHILE Turks and Christians were locked in that awful struggle around Antioch, a wholly different nation of Mahometans from Egypt had taken possession of Jerusalem. Hence it was against these that the crusaders had to make their final fight for possession of the Holy City. It is said that the army of the crusaders when they first set out had numbered six hundred thousand; but scarce thirty thousand of these, only one out of every twenty, remained to take part in the final siege. These thirty thousand, however, had become every one of them a tried warrior, and an intense religious believer as well. After their strange victory at Antioch they never doubted for a moment that they would win at Jerusalem. The force that opposed them from within the city outnumbered them three to one, yet the defenders dared not march out and meet these terrible crusaders.

They stormed the city by thrusting towers against the walls, and, in their first fierce lust of blood, they slew as they had slain in Antioch, massacring many thousands of the inhabitants. Then they stayed their swords—legend says that Godfrey checked them—and formed a solemn procession. With Godfrey as their leader they bore a Christian cross into the city and all knelt in prayer. Godfrey refused a crown but remained in control of the city assuming the title of “Defender of the Holy Sepulcher.”







SAINT BERNARD REAROUSES EUROPE

(His Preaching Leads King Louis VII. of France to Vow a Second Crusade)

From the celebrated series of the Crusades by Gustave Doré

THE victorious first crusade left Godfrey of Bouillon in possession of Jerusalem. But half a century later his feeble descendants who had remained as defenders of the Holy City appealed to Europe for aid. The Turks were closing in on every side and threatening to reconquer them. At that time the great preacher Saint Bernard was the leading man of Europe, listened to and beloved by all. It was he who now took up Jerusalem's cause and with impassioned earnestness preached the need of a second crusade.

The King of France at the time was the young and deeply religious Louis VII. So stirred was he by Bernard's eloquence that he himself came forward and vowed to take part in the crusade. Bernard then persuaded the Emperor of Germany to join it also. Thus it happened that this second crusade was very different from the first in that it was a kingly affair. Instead of being led by shrewd generals, the crusaders marched under the direction of two haughty and rather ignorant monarchs. Moreover, there were two wholly separate armies never acting in unison, as each sovereign refused to take any orders from the other. They insulted the rulers of every land they entered, and at length the Greek ruler of Constantinople deliberately laid a trap for the German army and almost annihilated it. Thus Louis and his French army remained as the chief force of this second crusade, just as Frenchmen had been of the first.







LOUIS VII'S HEROIC DEFENSE

(King Louis Surrounded by the Saracens Wins His Way to Escape)

From the series by Gustave Doré

THE second crusade failed because of King Louis's pride and weakness, and the folly of his wife Elinor. She was the heiress of the old gay land of Aquitaine, and spent her life in idle frivolity. She had, however, elected to accompany Louis on the crusade, so all her glittering court of attendants went also. As the army advanced through the Turkish lands, the queen traveled one day with the advance guard. Louis commanded this to take possession of the crest of a rocky mount beneath which he and the main army could then pass in safety. But Elinor and her comrades finding the mountain a barren spot, ordered the advance guard on to a pleasanter camping ground. Thus the pass was left unguarded, the Turks ambushed the unsuspecting king, and destroyed a large portion of his army.

Louis displayed tremendous personal heroism. Separated from his men in the wild *melée*, and surrounded by his foes, he kept his assailants at bay with his good sword, and beat down all who attacked him. When night had closed in on the grim struggle, he seized a riderless horse and escaped to join the remnant of his army.

After that he gathered what few ships he could and with his queen and nobles sailed away, leaving the mass of his remaining followers to fall as helpless victims to the Turks. So in utter disaster ended the second crusade.







THE BREAKDOWN OF THE THIRD CRUSADE

(Its Leader, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, is Drowned in an Asiatic Stream)

From a painting by the recent German artist, W. Beckmann

THE third crusade took place some forty years later, in the year 1189. By this time the little Christian kingdom of Jerusalem had actually surrendered to the Mahometans, though its conquerors were not the Turks, but the Egyptian Mahometans headed by their great Sultan Saladin. This third crusade was not under French leadership, as the earlier crusades had been; it was led by the great German Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, then in the fullness of his age and power, the acknowledged leader of Europe. Under him marched kings and dukes. The King of France, one of her very ablest monarchs, Philip Augustus, joined the crusaders, though unwillingly; and even more famous among their ranks was Philip's overgrown subject, the Duke of Normandy and King of England, Richard the lion-hearted.

Barbarossa managed his crusade with consummate skill. He checked the bickerings of the rival kings; he made friends with the nations whose lands he crossed; and he advanced with the success of a great general through the wilds of Asia Minor, where so many thousands of earlier crusaders had perished. Then an accident caused his death. He was drowned crossing a river. His sorrowing troops searched until they found his body, and his German followers returned home with it. The crusade was thus left to King Philip and King Richard, who ruined it by their repeated quarrels for precedence.







THE GROWING POWER OF THE FRENCH CITIES

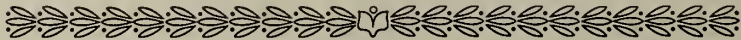
(King Philip Thanks the City Burghers After His Great Victory at Bouvines)

From a painting in the Flemish statehouse

KING PHILIP AUGUSTUS, who had played a wrangling part in the great third crusade, was perhaps the most notable of all the kings of France in the work of welding the scattered provinces of the land into a single state. He took every opportunity of snatching away the possessions of his too-powerful subject, Richard of England. Then when Richard's brother John came to the English throne, Philip succeeded in forcing from him all the family's French possessions. Philip's own nobles became alarmed at his increasing power, and he had at length to face a great coalition in which King John of England, the German Emperor, and several of his own chief lords united to crush him.

Philip, a hardy fighter as well as an able statesman, defeated all the enemies gathered against him in the great battle of Bouvines (1214). This victory marks the beginning of the French kings' supremacy over their great dukes, who had hitherto been as a body very much stronger than their kings. It made Philip recognized as the foremost sovereign of Europe, and France as its most powerful state.

Bouvines marks also yet another and more important development, the rise of the French cities. Philip had consistently supported and strengthened these cities, and his army was chiefly composed of troops gathered from them. The men of the cities here for the first time stood firm against the charge of mounted knights. After the battle Philip declared he owed to the burghers the preservation of his crown; and he thanked and honored them.







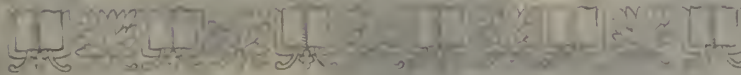
WHAT THE CRUSADE ACCOMPLISHED

OF THE CRUSADE IN THE EAST, AND THE CRUSADE IN THE WEST.

I have lately thought it worth my while to review the progress of the crusade in the East, and to see what it has accomplished. I have found that it has accomplished more than I expected. It has not only secured the Holy Land, but it has also secured the Holy Sepulchre, and the Holy Places. It has also secured the Holy Land, and the Holy Sepulchre, and the Holy Places. It has also secured the Holy Land, and the Holy Sepulchre, and the Holy Places.

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WHAT THE CRUSADES ACCOMPLISHED

(Simon of Montford Leads a Crusade Against the Heretics of Southern France and is Slain)

From the historical series by Alphonse de Neuville

IT was during Philip's reign that the fairest surviving civilization of ancient Europe was destroyed. This had existed in Aquitaine, the land of southern France, which was far more cultured than northern France and had preserved much of the ancient Roman knowledge of books and art and beauty. Now Aquitaine and the neighboring provinces were laid waste by a cruel perversion of that great religious instinct which had aroused men to fight for Jerusalem, the sepulcher of Christ.

The people of Aquitaine quarreled with the Roman Church, so the Pope declared that they were heretics far worse than the Turks, because these Aquitanians had been taught the Roman faith and yet had rejected it by refusing obedience to its leader. He summoned all good soldiers to undertake a crusade against Aquitaine, and promised them as a reward whatever lands they seized.

King Philip refused to have any part in this grim spoliation; but a large army gathered under one of his nobles, Simon of Montfort. The struggle, especially in the province of Languedoc, dragged on for twenty years. Simon of Montfort became lord of a ruined land; but the great southern capital Toulouse still resisted him. Surrounded by his monks he rode forward to view the besieged city, when a stone, hurled by one of its catapults, struck him from his horse and crushed him. After that, what remained of the ruined land was granted peace under a new French king, Louis IX.





from the nothingness in which we have seen them, they became absolute monarchs, and their land the most powerful in Europe.

The ancestor of Hugh Capet in the fourth generation had been the Saxon adventurer Robert the Strong, back of whom, whispered malicious Dame Rumor, there was a butcher of the Paris slums. Hugh's descendant in the twentieth generation was the "splendid monarch" Louis XIV., whose influence swayed Europe. And Louis's descendant was Louis XVI., cruelly executed by his own subjects. It is a long road from the Paris butcher to the king butchered by the Paris people, but there is no break in the line. The story of the Capets is the story of France.

As to how and why Hugh received that famous nickname of Capet, there have been many explanations. Perhaps it comes from the Latin *caput*, a head, a derivation offering such obvious punning facilities as to head of the nation, headless, and so on, that it has been eagerly accepted by many historians. Much more probably the name was originally *cappet*, a hood. King Hugh never wore a crown. Perhaps he was restrained by some superstitious regard for the rights of the Carolingians, a lingering remembrance of the ancient curse launched by the Church on whoever should snatch the crown from the race of Charles Martel. It may even have been as a sort of protection against the curse, that Hugh chose to wear instead his abbot's hood; for among his many other possessions, he owned St. Martin of Tours, the richest abbey in France, it being not unusual in those days for a great lord to lay hold upon an abbacy and administer its revenues in most unsanctified ways. At any rate, Hugh wore his *cappet*, and hence was Hugh the hooded, instead of Hugh the crowned.

He was succeeded by his son, Robert the Pious (996-1031), a saint in popular esteem, though the Church found itself unable to canonize him. During Robert's reign came that remarkable year 1000, when men looked for the end of the world. It is curious to note the spasm of goodness that swept over the land. In France so many anxious penitents entered the monasteries, that scarce laymen enough remained to carry on the business of living; and the peasants, refusing to plough their fields, sat down to await the end, that did not come. So rich did the churches grow, they scarce knew how to use their wealth, and there began to spring up all over Europe those wonderful mediæval cathedrals, masterpieces of wealth and art and devotion, the despair of later times.

But if the end of the world came not, famine came instead—famine, widespread and terrible, reappearing from year to year. God seemed indeed wroth with his world, as though almost He were minded to destroy it. Unknown horrors followed in famine's train. A butcher of Tournus offered human flesh

for sale in his shop, and though he was burned to death by the authorities, yet the flesh was dug up from where it was buried, and was devoured. It was not the authorities who were starving. Children were lured into secret places by offers of something to eat, and they never were seen again.

King Robert did what a good saint, though rather weak king, could do under the circumstances. He gave alms liberally and rather indiscriminately; he composed dolorous chants for the churches, and when he was being robbed, looked the other way, that he might not have to punish. Yet even this gentle and pitiful man had his disagreements with the bishops, the flaw in his perfect saintship. He deeply loved Bertha, widow of the Count of Blois, and despite the adverse council of his bishop, married her.

Now Bertha was the King's fourth cousin, a degree of kinship within which the church disapproved intermarriages. There were also political and other objections to the match. So there was much parleying to and fro, and after King Hugh's death Robert was bidden to put away his wife. He refused, and the Pope excommunicated him. Still Robert clung to the woman he loved; but the people shrank away from him, his very servants fled from his side, throwing into the fire whatever food he touched, and at last the King yielded. He divorced Bertha, whom the later legends of the common folk turned into a witch. All manner of horrible things were related about her. Bertha "Goose-foot" is her name in these superstitious tales.

King Robert took another wife, Constance of Aquitaine, daughter of the Count of Toulouse. In her train, the South invaded the North. "Then were to be seen pouring into France and Burgundy," laments a monk, "the most vain and most frivolous of all men. They were outlandish and outrageous equally in their manners and their dress, in their arms and the appointments of their horses." One complaint against them was that they "shaved their beards like actors," another that they "wore shoes that were not decent," curling up into long points in front of them. Despite the scolding of the monks, the uncouth North was impressed, and its lords sought to imitate the dandyism of the South, cutting away their long, shaggy hair, and stumbling bear-like over their unmanageable new shoes.

Queen Constance proved fair and gay and haughty, and withal a bit of a shrew. Her ideas of life did not at all chime with those of her saintly husband, and if such a suggestion were not derogatory to the dignity of a king, one would be inclined to say that he was sadly henpecked. His constant warning to the beggars who followed him was "Don't let Constance know." He once cut away the silver ornaments with which she had draped his lance, and gave them to an old beggar. There was much tumult in the palace when Constance discovered that the costly baubles were gone, "and Robert swore by the Lord's

name—but not in earnest,” as the chronicler quaintly assures us, “that he knew not how it was done.”

Indeed, the King's efforts to be saintly and yet lead a quiet life at home, placed him more than once in rather awkward straits, as when, in the early days of their honeymoon, the gay Constance bade him write her a light love song. Robert offered to do it in Latin, and wrote instead a solemn hymn beginning “Oh, constant martyr.” As the Latin word “constantia” thus appeared in the first line, Constance took it for her name and was satisfied.

This same touch of pious trickery lends a peculiar air to much of Robert's sainthood. He had a gorgeous reliquary or box for holding relics of the saints, on which, as was the custom of the time, he took the oath of his nobles on serious matters. But before actually receiving any oaths, King Robert secretly emptied his box. Thus he secured whatever binding force the thought of the relics might have upon his nobles, while if they broke faith, their souls were in not quite so helpless a position as if they had really insulted the remnants of the holy saints. In the same way, the common people swore on a gorgeous shrine supposed to contain very holy relics, but in reality all the king placed within it was a simple egg. One of the idle questions which has ever since been bandied about the world is, “What was the symbolism of King Robert's egg?”

Constance added to the general discomfort by quarrelling also with her sons, and rousing them to rebellion against their father. But Robert put the outbreak down with unexpected vigor, and named as his successor his son Henry, who had remained faithful, and whom Constance, though he was her own child, hated with all her royal vigor.

Henry I. (1031–1060) reigned long and ingloriously. Not to be caught in the same matrimonial difficulties as his father, he escaped those troublesome degrees of cousinship by seeking for a wife the very remotest princess of whom he could learn, Anne, daughter of the barbaric ruler of the Russians. Her pedigree was somewhat fancifully traced from Alexander and Philip of Macedon, so her eldest son was christened Philip, and that name came into the line of French kings.

In Henry's reign the monks of Burgundy started the movement for the “Truce of God” of which you heard in Germany's story. This weekly truce, by lessening the wars of the nobles among themselves, slowly improved the condition of the country. Robert had strengthened the kingly power in the south by his marriage with Constance. But Henry, and after him his equally inglorious son Philip I. (1060–1108), more than offset this by losing the friendship of the Dukes of Normandy, who had risen to be the most important men in the kingdom.

Robert and Richard, two brothers in the fourth generation of descent from the invading Rolf, disputed possession of the Norman duchy in 1027. Some sort of peace was patched up between them, and Robert invited his brother to a banquet of celebration. After the feast Richard and several of the chief members of his party who had been present, died, leaving Robert in sole possession of the duchy, and with the terrible name of "Robert the Devil" attached to him by his suspicious contemporaries.

Robert governed Normandy with a strong hand. He would have no tyranny there but his, and his own people called him Robert the Magnificent. When the young King Henry I. was attacked by his mother Constance, Robert took up the cause of the lad, and by his warlike exploits spread both his nicknames wide through France among friends and enemies. He settled Henry firmly upon his throne, and to reward himself, extended his own Norman frontier to within twenty five miles of Paris.

Finally Robert summoned his barons together and told them he was going on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. They protested, reminding him of all the ills to which he would leave their undefended province, and of the fact that he had no heir. "You are wrong," he said, "I have an heir. If you must have a duke among you, there is the tanner's lad in Falaise." In truth he had once loved a tanner's daughter of Falaise, and had by her an illegitimate son, William, now a sturdy lad of eight.

The nobles were little pleased that a child, and a peasant's child at that, should be proposed as their ruler, but Robert had a fashion of having his own way. "The boy will grow up, if it please God," he said. "And I have great hopes of him both in battle and in court." So young William was sent for, the barons swore allegiance to him, and Robert departed on his pilgrimage. That was the last heard from him, except the word brought back by a returning knight, who had seen the Duke in Palestine, ill, and borne forward in a litter by four black African slaves. "Tell my people," said Robert, "you saw me carried toward paradise by four devils." Then came news that he was dead—poisoned.

Meanwhile, the boy William, who was to become celebrated for all time as William the Conqueror, King of England, was engaged in France in making good his father's words. The barons, having no longer the fear of Robert before them, attempted to despoil him on all sides. Guy of Burgundy claimed his entire duchy, and William, confronted by a sudden plot, had to flee in the night for his life. Almost alone he galloped to King Henry's court and demanded help. For Robert's sake and somewhat, perhaps, for the brave lad's own, Henry joined him with three thousand men at arms, and together they roundly defeated Guy and his forces.

The Count of Anjou, who also invaded Normandy, was repelled by William after four years of war. Later the fickle and feeble king turned against the "tanner," as William's enemies were fond of calling him; but the Norman was now come to the fulness of his strength, and completely defeating the king in two fierce battles, stood out as far the ablest and most powerful man in France.

His wife was Matilda, daughter of the Count of Flanders. When William first sent to ask her hand, she returned a scornful message, refusing to wed the son of a peasant, and adding to her words much unnecessary insult. A startling but not improbable legend declares that William soon after rode to her father's court, and entering the room where Matilda was alone, "he took her by the tresses, dragged her round the chamber, tramped her under foot and did beat her soundly." He then galloped away before any could stop him, and sent a second embassy asking again for her hand. This time she accepted. When her enraged and astounded father demanded the reason for this remarkable change, she replied that she had not known William before, and that he must be indeed a man of great heart, since he had dared thus seek and punish her in her father's court.

William's conquest of England belongs chiefly to the story of that country. The weak French king, Henry, was dead, and his weak son, Philip, reigned in his stead. William besought Philip's help in his mighty enterprise, and offered to hold all the lands he might win as a vassal of France; but the king refused him and would be neither for nor against the expedition. The bolder spirits of France were nevertheless eager to follow William, and when in 1066 he invaded England, it was with an army composed not only of his own Normans, but of adventurers from all France as well as from Italy and Germany.

The English were defeated in the world-famous battle of Hastings. Their king, Harold, was slain, and the national assembly at London perforce elected his conqueror to succeed him. William promised the English to govern by their laws; but even during his coronation, his fierce Normans burst forth and slew many of the London citizens.

The great power which the English conquest gave William and his successors, was a sad blow to the Capetian kings. Once more France had a vassal mightier than her sovereigns. William had won England not by Philip's help, but in spite of his opposition, and the two were always quarrelling. Secure of England, the Conqueror began extending his power southward, seized the district of Maine and added it to Normandy. He grasped after more, but Philip won a rather unexpected victory over him, and on William's death the Norman power was temporarily divided, Normandy going to one of the Conqueror's sons and England to another.

Yet the evil was only delayed, not destroyed. The earlier kings of France, both Merovingian and Carlovingian, had been devoured by their overgrown vassals. The Capetians finally saved themselves from a similar fate; but it was only after four hundred years of ever-recurring strife. The long warfare between the successors of William and Philip desolated and almost destroyed the land of France.



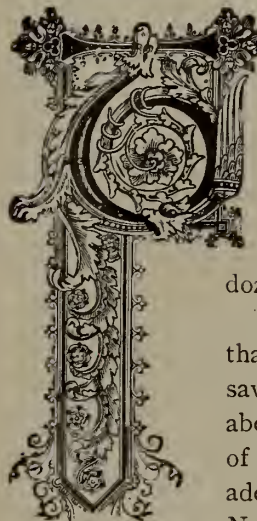
COUNT EUDES FIGHTING HIS WAY BACK INTO PARIS



THE CRUSADERS' FIRST SIGHT OF JERUSALEM

Chapter LXXXII

GODFREY OF BOUILLON AND THE FIRST CRUSADE



THE eleventh century has been called the century of the barons. All over Europe there were nobles more powerful than their sovereigns. The Godwins ruled England, until their chief, Harold, was slain by the invading Normans. The Cid was the true monarch of Spain. In Germany the child Henry IV. was buffeted about among dukes and bishops. In France half a dozen different lords were stronger than the feeble kings.

Yet perhaps we might even better describe the century as that of the Normans. All the great events which the age saw, all the mighty movements which swayed it, centred about this ambitious and energetic race. Feudalism, the rule of the nobles, reached its fullest development because they adopted it. Its system was peculiarly fitted to the haughty Norman's sense of equality among themselves, and of contempt for the subject races beneath them. Normandy had become too small for their restless ambition. The old, wandering viking blood stirred within them, and they scattered through all Europe, conquering and plundering, and spreading their institutions along their track.

As shrewd and crafty as they were fierce and strong, they studied life with a merchant's eye to profit, and sold their swords or turned them against the buyers, with equal readiness. They matched their wits against every antagonist east and west, and were successful everywhere. William seized England. Robert Guiscard held southern Italy. Roger of Hauteville became King of Sicily. Norman bands invaded Greece and threatened Constantinople. Then

came the crusades; and the first and most successful of these owed much of its triumph to Norman valor and Norman wit.

Ever since the seventh century, the Holy Land had been in the hands of the Mahometans; but they permitted Christian worship in Jerusalem, and derieved much profit from the pilgrims who gathered there. The Normans, once they became Christianized under Rolf, adopted with enthusiasm the idea of pilgrimages, as offering not only forgiveness for whatever sins they had pleased to commit, but also adventure and excitement into the bargain, and a relief from the monotony of life at home. Pilgrimages were very popular with all the French lords of the eleventh century. Fulke of Anjou, the formidable rival of the Norman dukes, went on three, finding always, after a few years at home, a new and heavy accumulation of sins needing expiation.

In the East, the Frenchmen discovered a civilization in advance of their own, and a people who regarded them with contempt. The humiliations endured in the East rankled in their proud hearts, its wealth allured them. The true marvel of the Crusades, says one French historian, is that they were delayed so long.

In 1076, a new-risen, conquering race of Mahometans, the Turks, seized Jerusalem. They were far more fanatical than the previous owners; and if pilgrimages had been difficult before, they now became ten times more so. This brought matters to a crisis. A truly holy man, Peter the Hermit, arrived in Rome with a tragic tale of the shames, sufferings, and even tortures, the Christians were undergoing in Jerusalem.

A Council of the Church gathered at Clermont in southern France, in 1095, and the Pope, Urban IV., made a celebrated speech to the assembled multitude. He told them of the cruelty of the Arabs, and the wealth of the Holy Land, and reminded them of the poverty of their own country. When at last he urged them to march in a body and restore to Christian hands the possession of the Sepulchre of Christ, a wave of religious ardor swept over his hearers, and with one voice they cried, "God wills it! God wills it!"

"Ay, God wills it!" exclaimed the Pope, catching at the words. "Let that be your battle cry, and the cross your standard."

All Europe was roused. Through France the enthusiasm swept like fire. Peter the Hermit, with a mass of followers, passed preaching from place to place. Men everywhere and of all ranks joined the crusaders. They sewed the red cross on their shoulders, they carved it on their naked breasts, they branded it upon themselves with burning iron.

In their enthusiasm a great body of the ignorant, common people would wait for nothing, neither preparations nor provisions, but insisted that Peter should lead them at once to this new Land of Promise. So they set out, guided

by the fanatical hermit and ruled, as much as they would permit themselves to be ruled, by a poor but valiant knight, Walter the Penniless—though legend represents them as led by two animals, a goose and a goat, whose heedless wandering they followed. As they plodded through Germany, many of the peasants there caught the infection and joined them. Even women and children were in the mob, and as each new city loomed upon the horizon the duller ones would point and cheer, and cry "Is that Jerusalem?"

What to do with this reckless and often starving horde, was a sore problem even to the Christian countries through which they passed. They swept across Hungary and the Byzantine Empire like a devastating storm, plundering as they went. The bones of their dead whitened the path behind them. Less than half of them reached Constantinople, whose Emperor hastened to transport them over the Bosphorus Strait into Asia, and speed them on their way.

At last they were in the world of the Mahometans, in the dominions of the local ruler or Sultan of Asia Minor, whose capital was at Nicæa. Hitherto they had been treated as friends; now they were met as enemies. The land was made a desert before them, and as they staggered on, tortured by hunger and thirst, the troops of the Sultan suddenly assailed and almost exterminated them. Only a few hundred survived to tell the story.

Meanwhile, the French lords, who understood what a military expedition of this size and length entailed, were busy with their preparations. Four armies were gathered in different districts, and marched separately to unite at Constantinople. The army of Southern France was commanded by Count Raymond of Toulouse, mightiest of the lords of the South. He had been the first of the nobles to enter the crusade, and was the oldest and most experienced among them. Indeed, he had already led a sort of crusade against the Arabs of Spain, and knew the ways of the foe they had to meet. With him went his wife and little son, for he had given his possessions to his heirs and vowed never to return from the East.

In Italy an army gathered under the gigantic Norman knight, Bohemond, Count of Tarentum, and his cousin, Tancred, an heroic centre-figure of romance and of song. The army of Northern France was led by Hugh, brother of the French king, by Stephen of Blois, who, men said, owned a castle for every day of the year, and by Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror.

The fourth army was as much German as French, being gathered from that borderland of Burgundy, Lorraine, Luxemburg and Flanders, which lay between the two established kingdoms and was ever in dispute between them. Leader of this force, and the chief leader and hero of the crusade, was Godfrey of Bouillon or Boulogne, one of the most celebrated figures of the middle ages.

Godfrey was a son of the Count of Boulogne. Half-German, half-French, and speaking both languages, he had early taken service with the German Emperor, Henry IV. According to legend, in the great battle between the Emperor and his rebellious vassal Rudolf of Swabia, it was Godfrey who shore off the rebel's false hand and slew him. For this and other services, Godfrey was created Duke of Lorraine, and when the German Emperor stormed Rome, Godfrey was the first to mount its wall. A superstitious fear came over him for having thus assailed the Pope, and he gladly hailed the crusade as an opportunity to wipe out his sin.

It is to be noted that among these crusading chiefs there was not one king. This great movement was the people's war, the barons' crusade. When the four armies united in the neighborhood of Constantinople, we are told that they numbered six hundred thousand men. Certainly it was such an army as few ages have seen, one which must find in disease and starvation its most dangerous foes.

Naturally the Emperor of Constantinople was sore afraid of the overwhelming force of these fierce semi-barbarians, who were gathering in his land. Instead of welcoming them as allies, he met them with alternate threats, prayers, and trickery, until he had almost brought upon himself the result he feared. The crafty Norman Bohemond urged the other leaders that their first step ought to be to punish this treachery, and to make themselves masters of Constantinople, before they ventured into Asia. But Godfrey of Bouillon refused to consent, horrified at the idea of turning their arms against Christians instead of Mahometans. He even swore allegiance to the trembling Emperor, an example which was then followed by the other chiefs, while the Emperor made all haste to transport them over the Bosphorus and be rid of them, as he had of the followers of Peter.

The Sultan of Nicæa, however, found them a very different foe from the rabble of the previous year, whose survivors crept down from their hiding places in the mountains, the humbled Peter among them, and welcomed the newcomers. Nicæa was besieged and captured, and the crusaders marched on through the deserts toward Syria. When he thought them sufficiently exhausted, the Sultan assailed Bohemond's division with all his forces, but Godfrey hurried to his comrade's help. The Sultan was defeated in a great battle at Dorylæum, and his power crushed.

Antioch, the great capital of northern Syria, was reached at last, and the crusading army besieged it for seven months. It was finally captured through the art of Bohemond, who intrigued with a traitor among the defenders, was allowed to scale a portion of the wall with his followers, threw open the gates, and admitted the Christian army. A fierce massacre of the defenders followed.

By this time the crusaders' store of provisions was exhausted. There had been much privation among them, even before Antioch was stormed. They had hoped to replenish their stock by the capture of the city, but found that the seven-months' siege had reduced the defenders to more desperate straits even than they.

Three days after Antioch fell, the entire army of the Turks, headed by the Sultan of Mossul (Assyria) appeared before it, and the Christians found themselves in turn besieged within its walls. Horrible were their sufferings! In their despair they even offered to surrender Antioch if permitted to depart peacefully for their homes. Only Godfrey of Bouillon refused all terms of concession.

At last, Count Raymond of Toulouse came to the rescue. It was announced that one of his followers had seen a vision from which he had learned where the spear that had pierced the side of the Redeemer, was hidden in Antioch, and that if the crusaders charged out with that spear at their head, they would triumph over the infidels. Raymond himself led a great procession, which found a spear in the place indicated; and the crusaders, fired with religious transport, clamored to be led to battle.

They burst forth from Antioch, a tragic and terrible spectre army, gaunt with hunger, staggering and swooning with disease. The Turks mocked them as they came. But a frenzy seized the Christians when they confronted the infidels, their strength returned, their mad charge was irresistible, and after a brave resistance, the whole Turkish host was driven in headlong flight. In the captured camp, the conquerors found food and wealth. All the spoils of the East lay at their feet. The power of the Syrian Turks was broken at Antioch, as that of their northern brethren had been at Dorylæum.

It was not until the next year (1099) that the crusaders advanced on Jerusalem. The unfamiliar climate, starvation, disease, and battle had reduced their number to only fifty thousand. The southern Mahometans, rulers of Egypt, were still unbroken in strength. Indeed they had taken advantage of the Turks' defeats to wrest Jerusalem from them. Their Sultan then sent an embassy promising good treatment to pilgrims and urging the Christians to return home. To Godfrey of Bouillon he offered forty thousand pieces of gold, to the Norman Bohemond, most dreaded of all the crusaders, sixty thousand.

Bohemond did, indeed, remain behind. Antioch had been awarded him as his own, and he would not leave it. But the chiefs could no longer have restrained their followers, if they would. These were crying out on all sides, "Can Jerusalem be taken and retaken and not by Christians!" And they insisted on being led without delay to their goal.

It was on June 10, 1099, that the crusading army, after nearly three years of marching and fighting, arrived within sight of Jerusalem. Not thirty thousand of the soldiers were fit for duty, and the city was garrisoned by an army greater than their own. But their enthusiasm was not to be denied, and after a desperate siege of five weeks, they forced great towers against the wall and from them burst into the city, with Godfrey and Raymond at their head (July 15, 1099). The lust of blood was upon them, the remembrance of countless insults unavenged, and they slew without mercy. Seventy thousand were massacred, say the Arab writers. Then the survivors, who had been "reserved as slaves," were ordered to clear away the bodies and severed heads and limbs, from the streets and temples. In such awful guise did Christianity come back to its own.

A sudden reaction followed. Godfrey remembered the teachings of his religion and was ashamed. Checking the work of bloodshed he withdrew from the city, and he and the other chiefs re-entered it as pilgrims, barefooted, with bowed heads, and singing psalms.

Their next duty was to select one of their number to govern the land they had conquered, and after much discussion the unanimous choice of all fell upon Godfrey, though it is said the position was first offered to Count Raymond, who declined it. Godfrey accepted the responsibility solemnly, but declared he could not "wear a crown of gold in the place where Christ was crowned with thorns." He refused therefore the name of king, and assumed only the title of Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre.

The Sultan of Egypt was yet to be settled with. He sent an army to the relief of Jerusalem; but Godfrey, marching out with the crusaders, defeated this force with great slaughter at Ascalon. The battle of Ascalon broke the power of the Mahometans as completely as Dorylæum and Antioch had humbled that of the Turks.

The work of the crusaders was accomplished. Many of them departed for their homes. Those who remained formed four little kingdoms. In addition to Godfrey's kingdom of Jerusalem, Bohemond established a principality centring on Antioch, and Count Raymond soon managed to carve out for himself, between the two, a dominion called Tripolis. The fourth kingdom lay far back upon the Euphrates River, with its capital at Edessa. It had been founded by Godfrey's brother Baldwin, who early separated himself from the other crusaders, seeing that his chance was slight among so many, and went adventuring by himself.

In the end, however, Baldwin was luckiest of them all. Godfrey died within a year of his accession, "poisoned by the infidels," cry the lamenting chroniclers. Baldwin then succeeded his brother after some strife with the

priests, and was crowned king both of Jerusalem and Edessa as Baldwin I., founder of a line of sovereigns who ruled for eighty years.

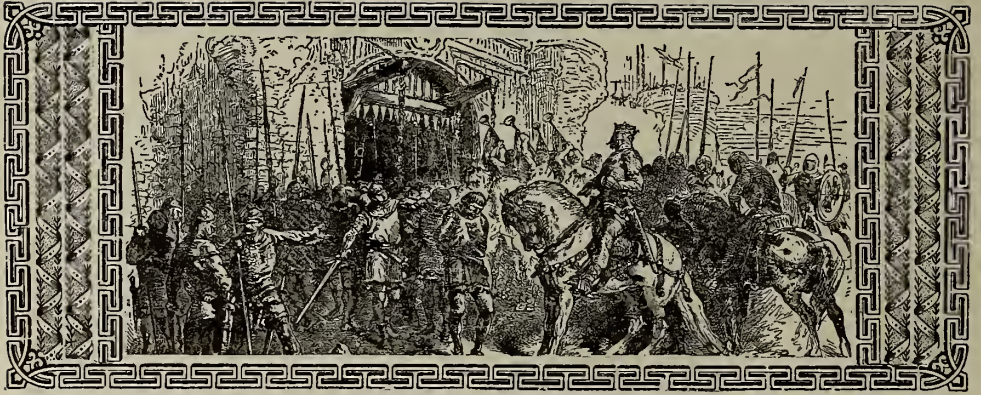
These Christian kingdoms of the Crusaders were all built on the same feudal model, the lesser chiefs holding lands as fiefs from the greater, and each state was French in language and thought. Indeed, even to this day, all Europeans are called Franks in the East, and Europe is *Franguistan*, the Frankish land.

As for the churchmen who had started the crusade, Pope Urban died two weeks after the capture of Jerusalem, of which, therefore, he never heard. Peter the Hermit, his authority gone, himself an object of scorn, was swept onward with the minor herd to the holy city. It is said that he was among those who fled secretly from horror-ridden Antioch, while the Christians were besieged there, declaring that such pangs of suffering were beyond endurance. After the crusade he returned to France, and there ended his days quietly in a monastery, once more an object of saintly veneration to the peasantry around him.

Such is the story of the first crusade, as it has come down to us through the centuries. Legend has of course been embroidered liberally into the tale. One story, for instance, tells that the Mahometans to check the crusaders in battle, chained thousands of armed African slaves together in a line, fastened to posts so they could not flee. It was hoped that despair would render them formidable enemies, and indeed they stood bravely against the advancing crusaders until they saw the banner of the cross. Then suddenly they all crouched in fear, and the Christian knights easily leaped their horses over the prostrate line to attack the regular Mahometan troops behind.

Modern critics incline to think that romance has much exaggerated the figure of Godfrey. The fact that he was finally chosen guardian of the Holy Sepulchre, led after-generations to regard him as a saint and hero. Legends gathered round him, till he was made the central figure of the crusade. Its real leaders, say the critics, were the mighty and crafty Bohemond, taller by half a head than other men, and the wealthy, wise, and aged Raymond of Toulouse. The quarrels and mutual jealousies of these two, interfered with the success of each. Had they been united, they might have conquered all Asia. As for Jerusalem, neither of them wanted it, foreseeing well that whoever might govern there in name, the city would remain really the property of its priests.

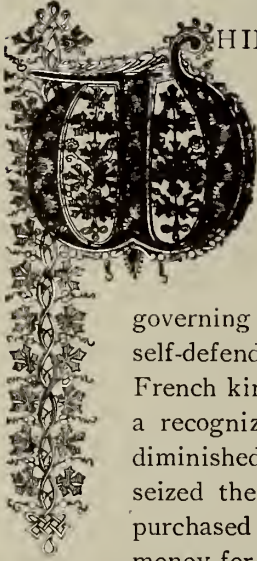




LOUIS VI. CAPTURING MONTLHERI

Chapter LXXXIII

SAINT BERNARD AND THE SECOND CRUSADE



WHILE this great outpouring of her warriors was making the name of France celebrated in the East, the mother land found herself equally benefited at home, by the absence of her over-turbulent sons. The country had been kept at fever-pitch with the din of their private wars. Their departure gave it time for the much-needed repose of peace.

The people being left alone, began to take a hand in governing themselves. The *communes*, as they were called, little self-defending towns or communities, came into existence. The French king too, no longer overshadowed by his many lords, became a recognized figure of authority. The royal power had been much diminished in the century which had elapsed since Hugh Capet seized the throne. Philip I., the one wise act of his feeble reign, purchased the estates of many of the lesser nobles who needed money for the crusade. He thus began that slow increase of the kingly power at the expense of the nobility, which continued until the latter were mere "courtiers," servants in the court of the monarch.

Philip's own progress along this line was not extensive. Indeed, there is a tale that at the close of his reign, he led his son Louis to the window and pointing to the tower of Montlheri, in plain view from the Paris wall, said, "My son, watch well that castle. It is my great anxiety, and I have grown old in the effort to capture it."

Louis VI. (1108-1137) obeyed his father's behest. He took Montlheri and many another frowning robber castle of similar type. The name given him in

his old age, Louis the Fat, is rather misleading. In his younger days he was known as Louis the Alert and "the fighter." He stands out as one of the ablest of the early kings. The duty of royalty was, in his eyes, to punish wrong and administer justice, and he did both with a resolute hand. One plunderer's stronghold after another yielded to his determined sieges. The church supported him gladly; and after a while the peasantry also recognized his service to themselves, and we begin to find them taking part with his knights in the assaults on the petty tyrants of their fields.

The Abbot Suger, who had been the King's teacher in youth, remained the able counsellor of his reign, and is the first of those great ministers of France, who did so much to raise the power of her kings. By degrees Louis extended his hand beyond his immediate neighborhood. His strength was felt, and something of his sovereignty recognized, in southern France. Prayers for help came to him even from other lands, his high sounding rank as King of the French leading distant people into a most exaggerated idea of his majestic power.

In 1119, he even ventured to make war on his mighty vassal the King of England, but was beaten in what the chroniclers assure us was a tremendous battle at Brenneville. As the same informants let us know that just three knights were slain in this "tremendous battle," we begin to realize why to a noble, safe clad in iron armor, war appeared merely as a pleasant pastime. The French peasants, taking up the matter more seriously, avenged their king's defeat by such fierce ravages into Normandy as effectually checked any further Norman advance.

In this war was first used the Oriflamme, which became for centuries the royal standard of the French kings. Hitherto their banner had been the blue "monk's hood" of Saint Martin, borne in honor of Hugh Capet. By this time the kings had snatched from Normandy all the broad lands of the Abbey of Saint Denis, and one of the conditions on which the overlord of Saint Denis was acknowledged by its monks, was that he swore to defend the abbey and carry its standard, the Oriflamme (golden flame), in war. So when King Louis marched against the Normans he was persuaded by Suger, Saint Denis's abbot, to have the Oriflamme borne before him. It was a banner, not a flag, and was all of flaming red, mounted on a gilded staff. The end of the banner was cut in three points or flames. Men soon attached a superstitious value to the holy standard. It was said no rebel could face it; infidels were blinded by merely looking on its splendor; and whoever struck against it was doomed to eternal flame.

In the time of Louis VI. came also the beginnings of modern philosophy in France. One might almost say, the opening of religious revolt. The great

teacher Abelard became head of the Paris schools (1119) and preached doctrines founded wholly on reason. Students flocked to him by thousands from all over Europe. But at last he clashed in argument with the celebrated Saint Bernard, and Bernard, dreading the irreligious tendency of his rival's thought, had his doctrines condemned by the church. Abelard was forbidden to teach and sent to the seclusion of a monastery (1137).

Almost the last act of King Louis was the wedding of his son Louis VII to Eleanor, the only daughter and heiress of the Duke of Aquitaine. Forty years before the Aquitainians would have thought little of such an alliance, now they sought it as an honor.

Louis VII. (1137-1180), called the Young, from having been only seventeen at the time of his accession, continued long under Suger's influence. He was by no means so able a man as his father, though circumstances brought him much more before men's eyes. His marriage with Eleanor more than doubled the extent of his domains, and at last there was a king in France who really ruled over more than half its territory. Unfortunately, the union of Louis and Eleanor soon proved but a repetition of the former attempt to unite North and South under King Robert and Constance. Louis trod in the footsteps of his saintly ancestor, and Eleanor vowed in disgust that he was more monk than king.

Their quarrelling was interrupted by the Second Crusade. The Turks had recruited their military strength. The descendants of the first crusaders were proving themselves a weak and pusillanimous race, half eastern, half western, and heirs to the vices of both continents. Edessa, their border stronghold, was captured by the Turks and its inhabitants put to the sword; and from Jerusalem there came to Europe a terrified wail, "Help us or we die!"

St. Bernard was the great preacher and herald of this crusade. He was a French monk who had refused all offices, but whose inspired eloquence, whose wisdom and whose holy life had so exalted his fame throughout Europe that kings sought his advice, wars were ended at his command, and popes were not only guided but elected by his counsel. At first Bernard would have nought to do with the crusade, for he was a man of peace; but finally he was impressed by its necessity, and he drew all Europe after him.

Louis VII. was one of the first to take the crusading vow. His minister Suger entreated the young man to withdraw the words. Suger had seen the kingship grow to be the real centre of France, the true court of justice, whose strength preserved the land in peace. Even Bernard hesitated to advise the young monarch to abandon his people to the miseries of an empty throne. But Louis was not to be turned aside; and at Bernard's insistence, Conrad III., the Emperor of Germany, also, though most unwillingly, took up the cross. Both

monarchs urged Bernard to accompany them and take supreme command, but he recognized his utter lack of military experience and declined.

Conrad set out for the Holy Land early in 1147 with a large and well-appointed army; and Louis soon followed him, accompanied by Eleanor and a court queerly divided betwixt the gay queen and monkish king.

Both armies had endless trouble with the Emperor of Constantinople. He gave them false guides, and endeavored to betray them to the Turks. Conrad's army was starved amid the deserts of Asia Minor, ambushed, and almost destroyed. Louis, keeping away from the interior and marching along the Asian coast toward Syria, fared little better. His advance was a constant battle.

On one occasion his vanguard was ordered to hold certain rocky heights for the protection of the army. Queen Eleanor and her ladies chanced to be with the division assigned to this duty, and Eleanor preferred the pleasant shady valleys beyond, to the hot and barren hillside. So the courteous commander abandoned the unpleasant spot, and led his soldiers whither the ladies wished. The Turks at once seized the heights, and there ambushed a large body of the unsuspecting troops who followed. These were almost cut to pieces. King Louis himself, determined not to become a prisoner, set his back to a rock and almost alone repulsed the ravaging Saracens, till they sought an easier prey. Night fell, and Louis, leaping on a riderless horse, escaped to where the other crusaders were mourning him as dead.

No punishment followed for the knight whose folly had sacrificed so many of his comrades. The saintly Louis was incapable of severity. He proved incapable even of firmness. When further progress along the coast grew difficult, he yielded to the entreaty of his weak associates, and took ship with the best of his troops for Antioch. Vessels enough could not be found for the great body of crusaders, so the wounded and all the host of common people and unarmed pilgrims were left behind. Some saved themselves by turning Mahometans; the remainder starved, or were seized and sold as slaves among the Turks.

Only a few thousand soldiers of the combined armies reached Antioch, where Eleanor flirted with its degenerate Count, while Conrad and Louis visited Jerusalem, and fruitlessly besieged a few Mahometan towns. Then the crusaders sailed one by one for home, disgusted with everything, the crusade, the East, one another, and themselves. Never has undertaking so heralded and so pompously begun, resulted in failure more complete and shameful.

Suger had governed France ably in his master's absence, but he could no longer control the king. Louis returned burning with rage against his faithless queen, and insisted on divorcing her. Suger reminded him that her estates would go with her, and the kingdom be again reduced to its former weakness.

But Louis was petulantly determined, and the lady scornfully willing. Indeed, she seems to have had a second husband already in waiting. Scarce were the words of separation pronounced by the Church, ere, despite King Louis's frantic forbidding of the banns by virtue of his power as their overlord, she wedded Henry Plantagenet, Count of Anjou.

This Henry was already heir to England and Normandy, and when two years later he entered on his inheritance, he united with England under his rule Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Brittany, Poitou, Aquitaine, and Gascony. A glance at the map will show that all Western France, from the English Channel to the Pyrenees, belonged to the Plantagenets.

Now indeed had Louis cause to tremble. His little territory was almost engulfed in that of his ambitious and mighty vassal. Causes of quarrel between them were not lacking—even if we except Eleanor—and they were soon at war. Looking back across the centuries, it is hard to understand why Henry was not more successful. To be sure, he professed great respect for the oath of allegiance he had taken to King Louis, and abandoned the siege of Toulouse because of the King's presence within its walls. Yet his allegiance did not stay him from making war on France, or from turning loose upon its poor peasantry several thousand hired soldiers to burn and pillage.

Luckily for France, hindrances more serious than Henry's oath of vassalage soon checked his power. He quarrelled with his Archbishop, Becket, and roused the enmity of the Church. He quarrelled with Eleanor, and she led Aquitaine in revolt. He quarrelled with his sons, Eleanor's sons, and they also fomented rebellion against him. France, for the moment at least, was left at peace.



ABELARD



PHILIP AUGUSTUS UNHORSED AT BOUVINES

Chapter LXXXIV

PHILIP AUGUSTUS AND THE GREAT THIRD CRUSADE



PHILIP AUGUSTUS (1180-1223), son of Louis VII., was only fifteen years old when the death of his weak father summoned him to the throne. His barons thought to take advantage of his youth to regain some of their ancient privileges, but Philip at once proved himself their match.

Without being a great man he was assuredly a great king, and did more than any other to establish the power of the French monarchy. Cold, crafty, and undemonstrative, he had but one enthusiasm—France; but one dream—to restore to her the power of Charlemagne. Yet he was by no means an evil man. He sought justice, disliked cruelty, avoided persecution, and encouraged learning. He was a brave enough soldier, too, when there was call for fighting; but, above all these things, he was the statesman that France needed, far-seeing, resolute, and politic.

Upon the border line of France and Normandy there stood an ancient tree called the "treaty elm," under which the rulers of the two domains used to meet to arrange terms of peace, and under which, it is said, Philip had frequently stood as a boy, listening while his father was outwitted by Henry Plantagenet. The lad had vowed to be avenged, and, as proof of his deep-seated purpose that there should be no more treaties, he cut down the tree.

Henry's sons were stirred by Philip to constant rebellion and treachery,

until their aged father knew not which way to turn. Richard, his oldest surviving son, afterward King Richard of the Lion Heart, withdrew from Aquitaine, which he was supposed to be guarding for his father, and passed openly into Philip's camp. The French king welcomed him as a brother; and the two lived in the same tent, ate from the same plate, and even slept on the same bed.

Perhaps this was all part of Philip's revenge, for he broke with Richard readily enough in later days. At any rate, he so wore out the strength and confidence of his aged foe, that at last Henry acknowledged himself wholly the vassal of the French king, surrendered some of his French estates, and promised to pardon all who had rebelled against him. There is a story that when, rising from his sick bed, Henry asked to see the list of the rebels he was thus forgiving, the first name written thereon was that of his youngest and favorite son John, whom he most trusted and supposed still faithful. Then at last his bruised heart broke, and crying out upon the hollowness of life, he turned his face to the wall, and died. France was avenged upon her ravager.

At this time arose the third crusade. Jerusalem, abandoned to its fate by the crusaders forty years before, had continued to exist because of dissensions among the Turks. Finally, however, a brave and able prince, Saladin, a favorite of romance in both East and West, succeeded in uniting all the Mahometans under his rule. Resolved to be the only power in the East, he attacked the Christians, defeated them in battle, and captured Jerusalem (1187).

We are told that he had sworn to massacre its every inhabitant, in revenge for the slaughter with which the Christians had disgraced its former capture. But when the miserable and defenceless people crouched before him, he had not the heart to pass sentence on them, and, more Christian than the Christians, let them go free to seek other homes. The result, however, was much the same, since most of the unfortunates died of hunger or by Turkish swords along the route of their aimless wanderings.

The fall of Jerusalem roused all Europe to a sense of shame. Each man felt that he had neglected the cause of God for his own private interests. There was no one great preacher this time to rouse men to action, yet more than ever before seemed ready to take the crusader's vow. Nor was France, as formerly, the centre of the movement. Its king, Philip, and also his sworn brother, Richard, now seated on the English throne, both assumed the red cross. But so did another, greater than they, the German Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, acknowledged on all sides as the chief potentate of Europe.

Under Barbarossa's guidance, the crusade promised success. He set out in 1189 with one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, maintained strict discipline among them, led them in orderly fashion to Constantinople, and secured the alliance of its Emperor. Plunging then into the wilds of Asia Minor, he did

what no crusading general had yet accomplished—threaded its passes and defeated its ambushed warriors without serious loss. Leaving the land conquered and submissive behind him, he brought a practically undiminished army into the north of Syria, and there, as you have read in Germany's story, died, while plunging across a mountain stream.

With him perished the crusades. His German troops, bewildered and disheartened and with no man among them fitted to take his place, disbanded at Antioch and gradually drifted home. Crusaders of all nations had, however, already arrived at Antioch by sea and were besieging Acre or Ptolemais. There also came Philip and Richard, not sorry at heart, perhaps, to be relieved of Barbarossa's overwhelming presence.

Yet even here his absence proved the crusade's undoing. Either of the two kings would have readily yielded precedence to him. Neither was prepared to submit to the other. Richard was indeed the vassal of Philip for his French lands; but he asserted that he attended the holy war not as Duke of Normandy, but as an independent sovereign, the King of England. Philip finally yielded first place to him, but their quarrels extended to their people. The other nations took sides. The whole camp was in constant uproar.

If you read English chronicles, you will learn that the fault was all with Philip; if you prefer French accounts, you will find Richard was to blame. Richard, no doubt, was, as always, hasty, overbearing, and short-sighted, a tremendous fighter but a poor general. Philip saw these follies, sought to use real headwork for the successful guidance of the war, and received only insult for his pains.

Probably half a million men took part in this, the most universal of the crusades; and there were not now, as before, crowds of peasantry among the soldiers, helping only to swell the numbers and the victims. These men were all soldiers, the picked fighting strength of Europe. Yet they accomplished nothing.

The siege of Acre continued for months in desultory fashion. No two nations would act in unison against it. When the troops of one country assaulted the walls, the others sat sulking in their tents. In the meantime there were gorgeous tournaments, many stately interviews between Mahometan and Christian potentates, and truces during which the soldiers fraternized. East and West were slowly growing acquainted.

At last Acre was forced to surrender, the whole Christian world being bent on starving it into submission. It was not an important place in itself. Yet so well had it been defended that its capture cost the crusaders over a year of time and a hundred thousand lives. Whatever religious enthusiasm the young French king had felt for crusading was now wholly evaporated. At the

present rate of procedure Jerusalem would not fall for centuries, so he left a few thousand troops for Richard's assistance and returned to France.

On the whole, one feels that he had acted very well. Richard of course did not think so, entreated Philip to stay, then cursed him, heaped scorn upon him, and continued fighting by himself. He was a magnificent warrior, a most dashing and captivating figure of a knight, but he had a positive genius for insulting other people, and soon found nation after nation deserting him.

For another year he continued battling without any notable result. Then he realized the hopelessness of his cause, and saw also, as indeed by this time all Christendom seems to have seen, that a Mahometan might still be a human being, and that Saladin in particular was a very noble and gallant gentleman. So Richard and Saladin made peace with a mutual warmth and admiration that quite shocked the churchmen on both sides. It was agreed that Christians were to be free to visit Jerusalem without hindrance, and Richard departed for home. He had won for himself a mighty name and a place in the hearts of unborn generations of English children. Perhaps, too, the crusade had saved Europe for the time from a Mahometan invasion, but with regard to its avowed object, the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, it was almost as complete a failure as its predecessor.

The one person who found any material profit in the crusade was Philip. Before leaving the Holy Land, he took a special oath not to attack the domains of his brother, Richard, while the latter was engaged in the crusade. The true feelings of the French king may, however, be inferred from the fact that he stopped at Rome on his way home, and tried to persuade the Pope to absolve him from his vow. This the Pope vehemently refused to do, and Philip, far too shrewd to place himself manifestly in the wrong, remained content with stirring up Richard's vassals in France against him, and encouraging his brother, Prince John, to usurp his power in England.

Meanwhile a new misfortune befell Richard. While returning from the Holy Land, he was seized and imprisoned by the Duke of Austria, whom he had insulted at Acre. Clearly the English king was no longer crusading, and Philip, claiming to be released from his oath, promptly attacked Normandy. Prince John, whom the Normans refused to acknowledge as his brother's successor, joined the French king, and the two besieged Rouen.

The Norman barons met them so sturdily that they had made but little progress, ere Richard was ransomed and returned. His fiery valor made matters more equal, and Philip, seeing now but little chance of profit in the war, accepted peace with a small accession of territory.

Richard died in 1199. John succeeded to the English throne, and thereby in his turn forfeited Philip's friendship, which was transferred to Arthur, the

young nephew of Richard and John, in whose name Philip managed to appropriate another slice of the Plantagenets' territory.

It is customary to attribute to the weakness and cowardice of John all the losses that now befel the house of Plantagenet, but it is doubtful if even a far stronger man could have retained its possessions intact. It must be remembered that, though kings of England, the Plantagenets were not English. They were French, the sons of Henry of Anjou and Eleanor of Aquitaine. Richard of the Lion Heart, whom England has made a great national hero, was not in that land six months of all his reign. The Aquitainians looked on him as *their* hero, and the chief members of his roving court were from southern France.

It is noteworthy, too, that when Richard and Philip were swearing loyalty to each other, the English king named as his capital not London, but Rouen in Normandy, the stronghold of the pirate Northmen. He thus proclaimed Normandy and not England as the centre of his domains. Yet even the Norman barons had no feeling of loyalty for these Plantagenets, whom they regarded as a foreign race, newly set over them by the accidents of marriage and the extinction of the direct line of their own dukes, descendants of the mighty Rolf and William. The fame of Richard had drawn this fierce race to his side, but against John we have seen them already at war.

Put in sudden and unexpected lordship over four distinct and antagonistic races—English, Normans, South French, and the Bretons of Brittany—John had need to tread as warily as a rope dancer. Brittany and southern France declared at once for Arthur. John defeated and captured his young rival; and then, unluckily for him, Arthur died in his hands.

Perhaps John made the mistake of killing the lad. At any rate, all France with King Philip at its head, accused John of the deed, and rose in arms against him. Only Normandy remained loyal, or rather refused to submit to Philip, maintaining haughtily the superiority of the Northman to the Frank.

It was manifest that Southern France was lost to John. Normandy, he still might have saved; but he remained in feeble hesitation at Rouen, while Philip swept triumphant into the land at the head of a powerful army, which burned to avenge Arthur's death. Between Paris and Rouen there rose a great fortress, Chateau Gaillard, which Richard had built to bar the French forever out of Normandy. Philip settled down to besiege it, storming its outer defences point by point. John made one ineffectual effort to relieve it, and then fled to England, abandoning Normandy to its fate.

After a gallant seven-months' resistance, which gave Philip opportunity to display notable military skill, Chateau Gaillard fell, and with it Normandy (1204). Rouen capitulated. Philip formed a court of the great peers of France, whom he made twelve in number in imitation of Charlemagne; and

before this court he summoned John to appear to be tried for murder and treason. The "King of England" forbade the "Duke of Normandy" to obey the summons; that is, John very sensibly ordered himself to remain safe in England. So he was adjudged guilty by the twelve peers, and all his French lands were declared forfeited to Philip, who already possessed them.

Even then the great French monarch had not reached to the height of his ambition or his power. John still had England—unlucky John, destined to mar everything he touched. He quarrelled with the Pope, who laid England under an interdict. Philip had once endured an interdict himself, and had met the Pope's threat of a second one by sending to Rome a document signed by eleven of his peers, vowing to uphold him even against the Pope. So Philip could hardly pose as a churchly saint, yet he now professed great horror of John, and raised an army to invade his kingdom.

The war was preached as a holy one, and adventurers from all quarters flocked to Philip's standard. It was in just such fashion that William the Conqueror had begun, and the resemblance was not lost on the terrified John, who hastened to make abject submission to the Church. The Pope, suspicious of Philip's growing power, was perhaps equally eager for peace. So the English king was pardoned and the holy war forbidden.

Philip was naturally disappointed, but that his armament might not be unprofitable, he employed it to chastise sundry rebellious barons. These united in a league of unexpected strength. John vengefully joined them; so did Otto IV., the Emperor of Germany, who was also having trouble with the Pope. It was indeed a crucial test of Philip's power. England, Germany, and all the strength of the debatable lands along the Rhine were united. No earlier French monarch could have stood against them for a moment.

It is here that Philip shows at his best and greatest. No longer intriguing, deceiving, and cavilling, he stands out clear and strong as the Champion of France. He had made his people respect him, and they stood by him in the hour of trial. There is no surer proof of a monarch's worth than that. Philip himself seems to have feared treachery, but there were no traitors in his camp. Even the Normans had learned to value his just and vigilant rule, and fought now under the French flag.

John invaded western France, and so drew after him a portion of the French army, before which he retreated; otherwise he took no part in the struggle. It was fought out in Flanders, Philip against his rebel barons and the Emperor Otto. They met at Bouvines, August 27, 1214. Philip, knowing all that depended on the issue, fought mightily. Indeed, both sovereigns seem to have been in as much personal peril as was possible with first-class armor. Philip was beaten from his horse, probably with sore pounding; but

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